THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED 1794.

Original Poetry.

ADELINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

One time I heard the homeward notes
Of cows, all the twilight through,
When gate rose home with pattering hoofs
Pushed hard with the side and May dew.

I heard, as though I did not hear,
I saw, as though I did not see,
Adeline standing in the door
With her white arm cool from water.

Students that rise at early matin-time
When first the cloudy mantles billow,
I seem to see my lovely love's hair
Tangling along the garden yoke.

We were together in the door
Of one sweet home, that is to be,
And knee-king, she went in before
To put on her fairer robes for me.

The many were not right meetings for
Such love as ours, that was to be.

Pictures of Life.

SEE HER AT HOME.

BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Charley," said Mr. Lesley to his nephew, "you know I don't care who you marry—that is," he added, in an explanatory tone, perceiving the lady he responsible and to your liking—you are old enough to choose for yourself; you are rich enough for a sensible man, but take my advice, never trust to outside appearances, especially in women."

"Why, uncle, do you think the sex so deceitful?" said Charles.

"No, my boy: deceit is not peculiar to any division of mankind, but as their education, and routine of life are generally speaking more private than ours, their real character is less visible to common observation, and a man's genuine disposition, one must see her at home."

The conversation above quoted took place in a handsomely-furnished mansion, called Oakwood Hall, from the park of noble trees in the midst of which it stood on the banks of the Severn. Mr. Lesley had inherited the hall and surrounding estate from his ancestors, who had been settled in Worcestershire since the Reformation, for the Lesleys were one of the oldest families in Somersetshire. The representative of a gentle race, and a wealthy landholder, had regularly descended from father to son; but none of his predecessors had ever been loved by the tenantry or respected by neighboring squires than the present proprietor. He had many friends, and was a favorite wherever he travelled more than the sons of country gentlemen usually are, who, after a smattering of the universities; but it was his sound sense and discern benevolence that gave Mr. Lesley an honorable authority in his neighborhood. Examples of all ranks put faith in the owner of Oakwood Hall, and were sure it would not be their fault if nothing could be done well without him or other sessions or vestry. Mr. Lesley's hair was growing gray, and he had no wife, and no second him—one hundred-stone marked the grave of his three young children in the parish churchyard; but, with Mrs. Lesley's concurrence, he had adopted the son of an elder sister who had grown up in his house, gone home to college and returned, as like his uncle, the tenants said, as he could look. The young man was in his twenty-third year." He had taken the name of Lesley, and nephew and uncle sat conversing in what was called the best room of the old manor-house, a comfortable though antiquated parlor, opening on the lawn and nursery or greenhouse. In a soft evening of autumn. Charles Lesley had lately been at a consider ball, and dance, and supper, given by a foreign ambassador, and his own future choice in particular.

"Well, uncle," said the young man, "you ought to know, after twenty years of matrimony—that is, I take it, you have been married—"

—Hold, nephew. I know you are going to say," said his uncle, good-humoredly. "Twenty years of married life should make one experienced, but I got a strong lesson some six months before my wedding, and in that time I went soon't be here till too time—she always likes to talk a while with the cottagers in her walk—I'll tell you the story."

You know that I was an only child and lost my mother early. My father loved me, and used to say, when I grew up, he should trust to my infancy he gave me the best opportunities; took extraordinary pains with my education, and imagined; and allowed me so much of my own way that I was sorry; I did not find out, manhood. It is, however, among my other causes of thankfulness that Providence prevented me from marrying the first object of that kindly heart: though on one point, I must have confessed, I was not quite so foreign to borders of disobedience. I had returned from the travels of which our neighbors still talk—some but lessening the wonder with time—to those days. My age was about your own; everybody paired me to be my father, and he was proud to show me off in Bristol, where we went to spend the Christmas time with an old friend, and see the gayeties of the season. Bristol in the youth a kind of capital for all the adjoining counties. Things in general are much altered and improved, but young people can form no idea of the metropolitan character engraved by provincial fêtes on the minds of those who then considered one for old, and dangerous for more than one visit to the society of Bath. The latter, for commerce and wealth of Bristol gave it a preeminence in this respect, notwithstanding the fashionable Bath. Its general families maintained among themselves a degree of style and fashion, which, though considerably modified, was quite as engrossing and aristocratic as that of Bath. Strangers were still few, and visitors, enlivened with old-fashioned rigor, their own gay season in which belles reigned, young ladies were brought out, and beaux contended. Gloucestershire grazzy came to occupy their town houses; and, as I was told by some of the kindest my father preferred planting trees and improving his farms, to all the formal gambols of Bristol, and I had soon the benefit of his decision on more for them; but our friend Captain Fitzpatrick had taken up his quarters in opposite Christmas with him in the new house, which, to use his own words, he "built for bond speculators," whose affairs had gone wrong. He had served in a ship-creek, bequeathed him ten thousand pounds, and he retired from the navy after thirty years' service.

Captain Fitzpatrick was, as his name might indicate from one, an Irishman, and had been in the Green Isle, he loved a joke in his heart, and was still more clever than cordiale, to repeat an anecdote, and he related

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Saturday Evening Post is one of the best family papers now published in the United States, combining, as it does, in a fair degree, the elements of all the interests of life into a single paper, with a vast amount of general intelligence.—Cincinnati Gazette, Feb. 27.

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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1855.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, Mr. Hale's resolution calling on the President of the United States for information relative to the fact that he has received any evidence of said violations on the part of the British or French governments of the treaty of 1831, and, under the Constitution, has become the law of the land, was taken up.

Mr. Hunter remarked that it was not usual to take up resolutions receiving the usual message, which might require information and discussion.

Mr. Hale answered that the resolution should be taken up, and moved to refer the subject to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Mason hoped not, if the House might expect to do any thing.

Mr. Clayton remarked that such an adjustment would, during the reception of the message, which the country is awaiting with anxiety.

Several Senators urged Mr. Hale to withdraw his motion.

Mr. Hale—In view of the fact stated by the Senator from Delaware, (Mr. Clayton,) of anxiety and apprehension, that the country is waiting with great anxiety for the message, I withdraw my motion for the present.

On the 7th, on motion of Mr. Pratt, Mr. Hickey was appointed Chief Clerk, and J. G. Sanderson Reading Clerk.

Mr. Bayard gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for the public printing, engraving and binding. [Laughter.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 6th, after the reading of the roll, Mr. W. Smith, of Virginia, moved that the House proceed to ballot viva voce for Speaker.

Mr. Henry Hall, of Indiana, nominated the Indiana delegation, and Mr. Bailey seconding as follows:

Richardson, (Dem.,) of Illinois, 1; Orr, (Dem.,) of South Carolina, 1; Bayly, (Dem.,) of Virginia, 1; Wheeler, (Dem.,) of New York, 1; Fuller, (Anti-Nebraska,) of Maine, 1; Bayard, (Dem.,) of Delaware

Selected Poetry.

MY UTOPIA!

BY W. A. WHEELER.

When I a king—were I a king,
My dominion my mind would be;
My subjects, all the thoughts that bring
Their tribute to my sovereignty.

And those with evil counsel would,
Or those who are not kind to me,
Be banished from my realm, I should,
When I a king—were I a king!

My palace should be my happy home
Filled with a smile, my queen should sit,
But from the wronged their all in wrong!
Her kisses would my throne befit,
When I a king—were I a king!

My rule should be justice, love,
And all the land should love my sway,
Then would I rule as from above,
When I a king—were I a king!

You, Conscience—Critics,* would I say,
"For the a short—good you may,"
Your ancient freedom widest your halls
To hold the noblest of the land,
Away with thoughts of zeal and rank!
Your doors to genius stand!
My censors sate all—I'd say,
When I a king—were I a king!

"He's monstrous, yes to whom I give
The gifts of my realm to live,
Just here," I'd say, "of eighteen stole,
Give the all—for God—for country,
To equalist justice—to hungry bosom
Let that your only bounty bring,"
Full—full—bands, I'd have for all,
When I a king—were I a king!

"In death my people," would I say,
"Of this you—and—and—and
From all the care-crowded hour, go, lose
Your English strength beyond the ocean
The will to work you have, away
To whole your—your—and—and—bring:
Go—greater England bound" I'd say,
When I a king—were I a king!

What could I do for my people more?
For noble what else to be, be the lady of
Their—their—their—to have the power
To—to—to—to—to—to—to—
All! It might throw him into wonder,
What I strive to be what I not may,
What I am, but I would,
When I a king—were I a king.

Selected Sketch.

MAGISTER TINIUS
AND HIS HAMMER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

The story of Eugene Aram will always be made a wonderful story. That a strong man of high intellectual endowments, with a passion for literature, with a feeling and an appetite for the sentimental, with a perception of all that knowledge and accomplishment can endow mankind with, and with an ambition to excel in those advantages, and climb to those lofty heaven, which they place within the reach of the gifted, should condescend for foul his hands with the blood, and to contaminate his soul with crimes, that in themselves of groove, as hallucination of a man quite spirit, could possibly clothe to his own inward vision, in any guise of an exculpatory gentleness, is one of the strangest and most awful that are most difficult of solution. In the case of Aram, poverty and pride combined to urge him to seek the enjoyment of books by a means by which any book he had most to make his sharp upholder and accuser; to snatch intellectual enjoyment out of the very hands of shame and destruction. He sought to climb to distinction, not over the ordinary rocks, and stones, and stepped-ladder which bear the feet of the poor but high-souled aspirant, but by a short and desperate sideway of assassination. He would be honorable famous, but he would secure through infamy, and reap the priceless rewards of genius, through the first grades of counted to conscience and to render despicable. He endeavored to spring from the low obscurity in which he was born, by the lowest and most obscure of crimes. Instead of taking the way, as he was given, to look that would lead ultimately to the gallows; and thither he came, whether what he deserved instead of what he aimed at. In him strong and generous. The fatal error, ambition, a sanguine temperament, an impetuous rush onwards a freedom from brilliant sphere of action, born down and trampled upon that noble principle, which alone can win, for it the possessor of great powers, a great and genuine immortality. Such leading impulses can pollute many feelings, but they cannot long pollute his crime, which had in it the 'dishonesty' commence of the low-bred fortune the cheap darling of the lets: and he remains avenging, to-day, to-morrow on the ghost of the malefactor, in stead of standing in serene solitude on the pedestal of fame which he might have reached by the same means.

But Eugene Aram is not the solitary example of this sort of character. We have known in our time, the misfortune for have been born up in most singular manner with a taste for retailing. We have seen the most worthy, honest, and worthy whatever was advised or parent in endeavors, and all the time living in the daily commission of deeds which were of the most utterly ignominious and base nature. We have seen a man of very strong and a brilliant writer of fiction, an associate with the good and distinguished, and a known and an imposter of the, formal gospel. How much power and qualities came to meet and live together in one body, we leave to the philosophy of the future. Such is the instances are, however, they do exist, for we have seen them.

We do not think amongst these such men as Wainright, the James Weathercraft of Dr. Thomas Kingsmill, the literary connoisseur and social chum of Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and other celebrated men, who enjoyed his villanies by transportation for life. But we do think of a fact that he wrote there in the stamp of the sentiment, family and the character. Here genuine of this class is a strange example which Germany has produced. That is, the Magister Tinius, a Protestant clergyman, a very popular preacher, an extraordinary bibliomaniac, and a murderer of a very curious description. His name is differently widely from our Eugene Aram. He had a love of books rather than of what they contained: and instead of patient and laborious, he possessed a cold heart, a close breath, a steady, calculating head, and a very strong will. He was a modern Thor—his favorite weapon being a hammer.

In the commencement of the year 1812, the people of a wealthy merchant, by daylight, and in the very midst of the peaceful city of Leipsic, created a vast sensation: and the inhabitants of the metropolis were the more astonished, that, spite of the most active research, the mysterious perpetrator remained undiscovered.

A person of apparently fifty years of age, a stranger, called, on the morning of the 20th of February, between nine and ten o'clock, at the aged merchant Schmidt, who lived in a house of his own in Grimm street. The visitor announced himself as from Dresden, and was recommended to him as the best specialist to advise in a matter of business. This was the question of investing some money, and not finding what he wanted in Hamburg, had resolved to look about him for it in Leipsic. In this city he asked his watcher he deemed the purchase of an estate, or of taxes government scrip, the most advisable.

The merchant, in the course of conversation on this subject, which lasted about half an hour, professed, at the suggestion of the stranger, a Leipsic estate: obligation of one hundred dollars, permitted him to examine it, and then returned it to its owner in his writing table. And at this was done, the stranger declared to Herr Schmidt his small loss, and of some full importance.

When Schmidt came to himself again, he found himself bleeding profusely from the head, and cried out, "Help me up!" But the stranger was not there. When he did move, and had with difficulty regained the use of himself, he saw three drawers of his writing-table standing empty, and the chairs drawn into a great disorder. The fear that he was robbed, gave him strength to use himself, and bind up as he was, he examined his drawers, and found that eleven Leipsic state obligations, to the value of 4,000 dollars, were carried off.

He quickly called the sole of his household, Vetter, and his head hastily bound up, and hastened to the police-office to announce the fact of the robbery, and hand in the number of the pieces of scrip that he had lost. The, as well as the circular which he immediately sent to the bankers of the city, and to the principal merchants, gave a description of the stranger, and of the obligations which he had carried off. Their numbers were also published, and the public were cautioned against purchasing them. But the stranger was gone, and paid by them, and it was done, but in vain.

In the very same day in which Mr. Schmidt had made the above discovery, that is, between ten and eleven o'clock, something in the people of the Grimm gate, and in the Grimm gate itself, was observed to be unusual. Crowds of people were collected, and the whole of the Grimm gate was in a state of excitement. The cause of this was a report that a man had been murdered in the house of Mr. Schmidt, and that Mr. Schmidt himself was in custody. The report was true. Mr. Schmidt had been murdered, and Mr. Schmidt was in custody. The circumstances which led to the discovery of the murder, and to the arrest of Mr. Schmidt, were these:

LIFE IN PITTSBURG.

Poor Stubbs!—Just as he meets those nice girls he admired so at M's party, an enormous black fluke rotten on his nose. His loose all pronounce of mind.

City Scenes.

LIFE IN PITTSBURG.

Poor Stubbs!—Just as he meets those nice girls he admired so at M's party, an enormous black fluke rotten on his nose. His loose all pronounce of mind.

Wit and Humor.

LADIES' HOOPS.

"I sound to, it cannot be so
That lady's skirts should ever go
Thus round and round a parting form,
But love to keep the shape of them;
And that the subject of my lays
Is the widest one in all the maze."

Thus reasoned some mixed student
Who in the depths of thought was sunk,
And fell into a deep abstracted
Reverie on the subject.

And as he mused, he thought he saw
Those hoops, which he had seen before,
Dilate and swell, and then contract
Into a smaller circle.

Then he thought he saw a lady
Who wore one of these hoops,
Walking in the street, and as she walked
Her hoop began to swell,
And as it swelled it grew more large,
And as it grew more large
It took in more and more room,
Until it filled the whole street
From one side to the other.

Then he thought he saw a man
Who was walking down the street
Come to the place where the lady was,
And as he came to the hoop
He could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great crowd
Of men, women, and children
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Horses, cattle, sheep, and swine,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Coaches, chaises, gigs, and wagons,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Ships, sloops, and steamboats,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Houses, churches, and meeting-houses,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Trees, bushes, and shrubbery,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Hills, mountains, and valleys,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Rivers, lakes, and ponds,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Cities, towns, and villages,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Countries, kingdoms, and empires,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Continents, islands, and oceans,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Worlds, systems, and universes,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Eternities, infinities, and immensities,
Coming down the street,
And they came to the hoop,
And they could not get through,
Because the hoop filled up the whole street.

Then he thought he saw a great many
Nothings, nothings, and nothings